

# The New-York Weekly Magazine ;

## OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. II.]

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For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

IT has often been made a question on my mind, Whether the multiplicity of books in circulation are an advantage or disadvantage to the morals of youth?—That every book ought to be investigated, and that with an impartial eye before we condemn it, is a fact incontestable. None but the prejudiced, the weak and the ignorant, will ever attempt to persuade youth from the pursuit of wisdom. A man possessed of the least spark of knowledge, would blush to advise others from the investigation of truth. That book has never yet been printed, which, when examined by the eye of reason and candor, did not contain something by which we may be profited. Yet, how numerous are they who will discard the writings of an author, merely because they have heard it was an improper book. How forcible is such reasonings! What will be the opinion of the rational part of the creation concerning such persons, if they argue with such inconsistency? Will they not justly conclude that a *weak* head, and *unprincipled* heart, guides their opinion? And while they continue thus to argue, they ought to reflect, if capable of reflection, that by condemning them without investigating one single principle whereby they may substantiate their charge, they expose themselves to censure and contempt. Thus we behold books too often branded with detestation, and consigned to oblivion, by those pests of society. For such they truly are, in my opinion, who have the audacity to persuade youth from a search after knowledge. Consider, O youth, that while you are obeying the dictates of these *all-knowing men*, you are sacrificing your own opinion at the shrine of *ignorance*. It is ignorance, united with impudence and conceit, that prompts them to trespass on your judgment. If they were duly to consider from what source their knowledge arises—if they would give themselves more time to reflect, and that with candor, they would find that all their profound search and erudition is nothing more than a “sounding brass or tinkling symbol.” And that as long as they suffer themselves to be led by the wrong principles which some of our ancestors imbibed, they will be considered as a mere *BLANK* in society.

I will readily admit, that there are books which, by a constant application to them, will corrupt and lead astray the

minds of youth, whose principles are not fully established. Yet, are they to be prohibited from a perusal of those books? No!—But guard them well against the danger, and then let them examine such authors with attention and candor. Let their youthful minds bestow on them their just sentence. By being thus accustomed to judge for themselves, they will be able with clearness and precision to detect impostors, if any of that description should attempt to impose on their understandings. That they will have to combat with such characters at some period of their lives, is beyond a doubt, then being unprepared to answer them, will they not expose *THEIR* folly in obeying the dictates of men who were guided by self-conceited, superstitious, and bigotted principles. They are self-conceited, because *THEIR* knowledge is deemed by them to be *superior* to the rest of mankind; superstitious, because they worship as their gods a select number of books by which their rule of life is formed, and from which they dare not deviate, lest they should by transgression seal their ruin; bigotted, because they are *callous* to the voice of reason, and determined to adhere to their own principles, however unfounded.—Such are the men to whose care the instruction of youth has been too often committed; and who, instead of expanding and cultivating their juvenile minds with useful knowledge, by a thorough investigation of every book, have bred them up in superstitious ignorance, preparing them for the reception of every vice, which finally proves their ruin.

May 5, 1797.

ZULINDUS.

### AFFABILITY.

IN order to render ourselves amiable in society, we should correct every appearance of harshness in our behaviour. That courtesy should distinguish our demeanor, which springs, not so much from studied politeness, as from a mild and gentle heart. We should follow the customs of the world in matters indifferent; but stop when they become sinful. Our manners ought to be simple and natural, and of course they will be engaging. Affectation is certain deformity—By forming themselves on fantastic models, and vying with one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end in being vicious and immoral.



THE  
WANDERINGS  
OF THE  
IMAGINATION.

BY MRS. GOOCH.

(Continued from page 355.)

"THE last expected vessels now arrived, and Scipio one morning, hastily entering my room, with a joyful countenance, put a packet into my hands. It was from England, but the hand-writing, and seal, were unknown to me. I found it to be from a female distant relation of my wife's, who assured me that she wrote it at her desire, as she had not courage to expatiate on a subject, that she knew would be so contrary to my wishes. She proceeded to inform me, that the health of Mrs. S—— was very seriously affected; owing, in great measure, to the depression of her mind since my departure; that my little boy was recovering from the small-pox; and that these considerations rendered it impossible for her, with safety either to herself, or the child, to undertake the long voyage she had projected. She said she had found it necessary to remove to London, for the benefit of better advice than could be obtained in the country; and she mentioned a temporary lodging she had taken in the neighbourhood of Islington, till she should hear farther from me how to dispose of herself. Mrs. S—— added a few lines, by way of postscript, as a confirmation of the above, and desired I would write to her under cover to her relation, in whose neighbourhood she resided.

"I read—I paused over the letter; and every time my wild ideas hurried me beyond myself. At one moment, I believed her affections were estranged from me; that she no longer wished our re-union, but that indifference had taken place of that affection which it was the study of my life to cherish and improve. At another, I reproved myself for the ungrateful, the illiberal idea; and to that thought a still more poignant one succeeded. The knowledge I had of her tender mind next convinced me, that her condition was worse than it was described to me. I fancied her sinking under a load of grief, and on the point of death, while I, her friend, her natural protector, was far from her; and to this reflection Reason herself gave way. "Ah," thought I, "how fatal has been my desertion of her; and what recompence could promotion, or wealth itself bestow on me, if purchased by the loss of a wife so tenderly beloved? She is at this moment suffering under the accumulated horrors of indigence and flighted affection; and shall I, on whom she has every claim of love and duty, suffer her to believe that the scorching sun of this unhealthy climate has had power to dry up in my heart the pure stream of unadulterated affection? Shall I contemplate her misery, and allow her to endure it? Ah, no! let me rather return to her as I am, unpatronized and

unprotected;—share with her the scanty pittance acquired by honest integrity, and trust for the rest to *that Providence*, which will never forsake *the pure in heart*!"

"Full of these ideas, which were hardly formed before they were unalterably fixed, I waited on lord G—— and told him that letters I had just received demanded my quick return to England. I solicited him to accept my dismissal. The perturbation of my mind was visible on my countenance. He looked attentively at me, expostulated on the folly of my conduct; but was soon convinced that advice and expostulation were equally thrown away on a man who sought no interest but his affections, and consulted no monitor but his heart. Finding at length that I was deaf to his remonstrances, he settled matters in due form; and wishing me a pleasant voyage, politely, yet coolly, bade me adieu. I returned to my lodgings, which but a few days since I had taken delight in adorning for the reception of my Isabella. How sad, how solitary every object now appeared! The sight of numberless little ornaments, peculiar to the country, and which I had selected as from their novelty the most pleasing to her, now lost every charm, and to the affectionate, the grateful Scipio, I bequeathed them. I went, accompanied by him, to the house frequented by the English Captains, and soon settled an agreement with one of them. As I spoke to him, I observed the honest tear of sensibility steal down the polished cheek of the noble Ethiopian, which he wiped off with his hand, as if to upbraid it with divulging the secret of his heart. A few loose dollars remained in my possession, after I had settled my different accounts: I gave them to Scipio; but he disdainfully rejected them, and told me I robbed him of more than my money could purchase, when I robbed him of his *friend*! These were the sentiments of an untutored negro; a soul unpractised in the wiles of art. Alas, poor Scipio! Though many a year has revolved since we parted: though many a moon has risen to renew the almost-extinguished lamp of nature, since I witnessed in thee that purity of heart which nought but Heaven can bestow, still are thy virtues present to my mind, and still shall remembrance, sickening at the past, reflect on thee, with prayers for thy transition to those mansions, where innocence like thine can alone meet with its reward!"

The clocks from the neighbouring churches struck three; and vain were my solicitations to my unhappy friend, he could not be prevailed on to share my solitary meal: he abruptly left me, with a promise that he would continue his narrative on the following day.

CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY OF CAPTAIN S——.

"IN a short time I embarked for England. The weather for some time favoured us; at length the winds, as if conscious they were wasting me to misery, often swelled the reluctantly-yielding waves, and hurried us back from our progression. In those hours when sorrow and vexation



clouded the brows of the labouring mariners, impatient to reach their native shore, a heavy indifference to our destiny clung round my heart; a presentiment of I knew not what blasted each rising hope; and I pondered on the easy transition from human woe, as I surveyed the fathomless gulph below me. Often did I rejoice, while the rough swell lifted us on high, that my Isabella was not exposed to those many dangers of the deep, which we feel but during the time we experience them. Among my few books, was Falconer's immortal poem of "*The Shipwreck*." I knew the superstition commonly attendant on sea-faring people, and I carefully concealed it from their observation. Often in the dead of night, when all were sleeping round me as if insensible to fear, I stole from my cabin, impressed by a far different impulse, and shared the midnight watch, while its appointed guardian sunk into the arms of happy, but forbidden rest.

At length we quietly reclined on the peaceful bosom of the venerable Thames. There, where no fears of faithless seas assailed us, my torpid mind roused itself into action, and awakening every restless faculty of my soul, suspended me between despair and hope. I eagerly jumped into the first boat that came near to us, and leaving every thing belonging to me on board, I took a post-chaise from Graysend, where I landed, and ordering the driver to set me down at the direction I gave him to Islington, soon reached the abode of my new female correspondent. This person had seen me but once, and would then have scarcely recollected me, had not the wildness of my manner in enquiring for Mrs. S—— informed her who I was. She surveyed me with surprize, and, as I thought, embarrassment. I requested she would immediately conduct me to my wife's lodgings, which she at first seemingly consented to; and then, as if recollecting herself, observed, that my sudden appearance might perhaps be too powerful for her newly-recovered health, and proposed my waiting there till she went herself and apprized her of it. I impatiently brooked this delay, yet submitted to it in consideration to my Isabella. She told me it was not more than ten minutes walk from her house; yet I passed near two hours alone in anxious expectation. It was at this time the latter end of September; and it was past eight in the evening when I had reached the house. The night was dark and gloomy; and as I stood immoveable at the little gate which bounded the small garden allotted to the habitation, I fancied that every hollow murmur of the wind responsively echoed to my heart, and sigh'd forth, "*Isabella*." At length they came together; the sound of her voice still vibrates in my ear, as she faintly pronounced "*Is it you?*" The darkness of the night prevented me from seeing her: I clasped her in my arms, and rushed with her into the house. I placed her on a chair, and by the light of the candle observed her features. Her person was much altered. She was become thin, and her countenance was overspread with a livid paleness. She burst into tears as she exclaimed, "*Ah, Frederick, why, why did you leave me?*" I intreated her to be composed under the certainty that we were met to part no more. I

enquired for my boy, who was now in his eighth year. She told me he was placed at a boarding-school, but avoided making any farther mention of him. It grew late, and a small supper was set before us, after which I proposed our going home to her lodgings. To my unspeakable astonishment, she requested that I would not accompany her; and gave for reason that the people where she lodged, not knowing she expected me, might be alarmed at the appearance of a stranger being with her in the night-time. I however insisted, and she consented. Her house was indeed but a few paces from the one we had just quitted. Its first appearance struck me. It was fitted up in a style of expensive elegance; and on the side-board, on which was displayed a quantity of plate, were two salvers, engraved large enough to be perceived without very accurate observation, with the initials of her maiden name. I looked at her with speechless horror, as I stood transfixed to the spot. The powers of utterance were denied me, I gasped for breath. A loud rapping at the street door awakened my recollection, and Captain Nesbitt entered the room. He was in a state of inebriety, and the sight of me staggered him. "S——," said he, as he impudently advanced to take my hand, "I have taken damn'd good care of your wife in your absence;" and then turning to his guilty partner, continued, "Isabella, hav'nt I?" At these words, affection, resentment, all seemed at the moment to die within my breast; I recollected only that I was in the presence of a woman—(and oh, Heaven, what a woman)—I hastily turned to Captain Nesbitt, and enquired where on the following morning I could speak with him. He appointed the Bedford-arms, Covent-Garden, at two o'clock. I looked at Isabella, who did not attempt to speak, but seemed anxious only about her infamous lover.

"I hurried out of the house, scarcely knowing whither I went, and my steps almost involuntarily conducted me to the one we had left not an hour before. The little gate was locked, and I repeatedly, and in vain, called for admittance. At length an unknown female voice answered me from an upper window, and somewhat rudely requested my retreat. On my expostulating, and begging only three minutes conversation with the person I had supped with, she answered me that she was not to be disturbed; and that if I persisted in alarming the neighbourhood, she should put me in charge of the watch. With these words she shut the window, and I walked wherever chance directed me. I came to the door of a tavern, which stood half open, seeming to invite the weary traveller. Here I fixed my abode for the night; nor was it long before my excessive fatigue of mind and body threw me into a state of wished-for insensibility.

[To be continued.]

#### ANECDOTE.

AN Irish officer of dragoons, on the continent, on hearing that his mother had been married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed—"By St. Patrick, there is that mother of mine married again, I hope she wont have a son older than me, for if she has I shall be cut out of my estate!"



## THE FARRAGO.

No. III.

—“FULL MANY A FRANK  
HE PLAYED, AND TRICKS MOST FANCIFUL AND STRANGE.”

MASSINGER.

**M**EN of tenacious memory, who retain information a week old, may recollect, in my last number, a portrait of Meander.—

- “A man so various, that he seem'd to be
- “Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
- “Who, in the course of one revolving moon,
- “Was poet, painter, lover, and buffoon;
- “Then all for wenching, gambling, rhyming, drinking,
- “Besides ten thousand freaks, that dy'd in thinking.”

Agreeably to a promissory note, given in a preceding essay, I now publish, from the diary of this fantastic wight, a selection, which, if judiciously improved, may sober giddy genius, may fix the volatile, and stimulate even Loungers.

## MEANDER'S JOURNAL.

April 8, Monday.—Having lately quaffed plenteous draughts, of the stream of dissipation, I determine to bridle my fancy, to practice self-denial, to live soberly, and to study with ardor. That I may with ease discharge the various duties of the day, I propose, that “Strutting Chanticleer” and myself, should unroost at the same hour. With this resolve, I couple a determination, to study law with plodding diligence, and to make my profession, and a course of history, my capital objects.

Memorandum. Belles lettres must be considered a subaltern pursuit. If I rise at the dawn, and study jurisprudence till noon, I shall have the satisfaction to reflect, that I have discharged my *legal* duty for the day. This course, duly persisted in, will probably make me something more than a Tyro, in the language of the law. If I pour over my folios with the diligence I propose, I shall acquire, in Blackstone's phrase, such a legal apprehension, that the obscurities, which at present confound me, will vanish, and my journey through the *wilderness* of law, will, peradventure, become delectable.

Tuesday.—Overslept myself, did not rise till nine. Dressed, and went out, intending to go to the office; but, as the morning was uncommonly beautiful, I recollected an aphorism of Dr. Cheyne's, that exercise should form part of a student's religion. Accordingly, I rambled through the woods for two hours. The magic of rural scenes diverted Fancy, whom, on my return to the office, I wished to retire, that her elder sister, Judgment, might have an opportunity to hold a conference with the sage Blackstone: but, the sportive flut remained, dancing about, and I found my spirits so agitated, that, to calm them I took up a volume of plays, and read two acts in Centlivre's Busy Body.

Afternoon, 2 o'clock.—Took up a folio, and began to read a British statute; meanwhile, I received a billet, importing that a couple of my college cronies were at a neighbouring inn, who wished me to make one of a select party. I complied. The sacrifices to Mercury and Bacchus, wore away the night, and it was day before I retired to the land of drowsy head, as Thompson quaintly expresses it.

Wednesday.—Rose at ten; sauntered to the office and gaped over my book. Low spirits and a dull morning, had raised such a fog around my brain, that I could hardly discern a sentiment. Opened a “dissertation on memory,” read till my own failed. I then threw away my book, and threw myself on the bed; I can't tell how long I remained there, but, somebody shaking me by the shoulder, I opened my eyes and saw—the maid, who came to inform me it was 8 o'clock in the evening, and that coffee was ready.

Thursday.—Went out at seven, with a determination to attend to business; thought I might venture to call at a friend's house; on my entrance saw a brace of beauties, whose smiles were so animating that they detained me, “charmed by witchery of eyes,” till noon. I returned to my lodgings, and finding my spirits too sublimated for serious study, I beguiled the remainder of the afternoon, by writing a sonnet to Laura.

Evening.—Lounged to my bookshelf, with an intent to open Blackstone, but made a mistake, and took down a volume of Hume's History of England. Attention became quite engrossed by his narrative of the reign of Henry I. A versatile, brilliant genius, who blended in one bright assemblage, ambition, prudence, eloquence and enterprize; who received and merited, what I think, the most glorious of all titles, that of Beauclerc, or, the polite scholar. The formidable folios, which stood before me, seemed frowningly to ask, why I did not link to my ambition, that prudence, which formed part of Henry's fame? The remorseful blush of a moment, tinged my cheek, and I boldly grasped a *reporter*; but, straightway recollecting, that I had recently supped, and that, after a full meal, application was pernicious to health, I adjourned the cause Prudence versus Meander, till morning.

Friday.—Rose at the dawn, which is the first time I have complied with my resolution, of unroosting with the cock. “Projecting many things, but accomplishing none,” is the motto to my coat of arms. Began my studies, noting with nice care, the curious distinction in law, between general and special *Tails*; at length, I grew weary of my task, and thought with Shakespeare's Horatio, that 'twere considering too curiously, to consider thus. Began to chat with my companions; we are, when indolent, ever advocates for relaxation; but, whether an attorney's office is the place, where idling should be tolerated, is a question, which I do not wish to determine in the negative. Finished my morning studies with “Hafen Shawkenbergius's tenth decade.”

Afternoon.—Did *nothing* very busily till four. Seized with a lethargic yawn, which lasted till seven, when a dish of coffee restored animation, and on the entrance of a friend, fell into general conversation; made a transition to



the scenes of our boyish days, and till midnight, employed memory in conjuring up to view, the shades of our departed joys.

Saturday.—Slept but little, last night. My imagination was so busy in castle building, that she would not repose. Dreamed that Lord Coke threw his "Institute" at me. Rose at nine, looked abroad; and the atmosphere being dusky, and my spirits absent on furlough, felt unqualified for reading. For several days there has been a succession of gloomy skies. The best writers affirm that such weather is unfriendly to mental labour. The poet says

"While these dull fogs invade the head,  
"Memory minds not what is read."

Took up a magazine, which I carefully skimmed but obtained no cream. Cracked, in the Dean of St. Patrick's phrase, a rotten nut, which cost me a tooth and repaid me with nothing but a worm.—Breakfasted; reflected on the occurrences of the week. In the drama of my life, procrastination, and indolence, are the principal actors. My resolutions flag, and my studies languish. I must strive to check the irregular sallies of fancy. I never shall be useful to others, till I have a better command of myself. Surely one, abiding in the bowers of ease, may improve, if industry be not wanting. Alfred could read and write, eight hours every day, though he fought fifty six pitched battles, and rescued a kingdom; and Chatterton, the ill-fated boyish bard, composed, though cramped by penury, poems of more invention than many a work which has been kept nine years and published at a period of the ripest maturity. When I fly from business, let ambition, therefore, *think on, and practice these things*. I determine, *next week*, to effect an entire revolution in my conduct, to form a new plan of study, and to adhere to it with pertinacity. As this week is on the eve of expiration, it would be superfluous to sit down to serious business. I therefore amused myself, by dipping into Akenfide's "Pleasures of Imagination;" read till five, visited a friend, and conversed with him till midnight; conversation turned on *propriety of conduct*, for which I was a strenuous advocate—\* \* \* \* \*

Here the journal of Meander was abruptly closed. I was curious to learn in what manner he employed his week of reformation. On the ensuing Monday he grew weary of his books; instead of mounting Pegasus, and visiting Parnassus, he actually strode a hack-horse of mere mortal mould, and, in quest of diversion, commenced a journey. He was accompanied, not by the muses, but by a party of jocund revellers; and, prior to my friend's departure, the last words he was heard to say, or rather *roar*, were the burden of a well known anacreontic "*dull thinking will make a man crazy*."

The character and journal of Meander scarcely need a commentary. There shall be none. I was not born in Holland, and only Dutchmen are qualified to write notes. But I will make an apostrophe...

Ye tribe of Mercurealists! in the name of prudence, avoid eccentricity; expand not your *fluttering* pinions;

trudge the foot-way path of life; dethrone Fancy and crown Common Sense. Let each one seek and fulfil his daily task, "one to his farm and another to his merchandize."

### ANECDOTES.

A Worthy Clergyman belonging to a parish in New-England, had the misfortune to have a son of a flighty and wild disposition: altho' many were the pious admonitions of the virtuous father to bring his son's remissness into subordination with his own, he had to lament that his injunctions and assiduous endeavours were fruitless, and far from being productive of the desired end.—His son's heart was so averse to solemnity, that he could not contain himself at the time of worship, and he was often so overstocked with frivolity and his mischievous humor, that his father often noticed it, while preaching, with much regret—and concluded upon harsher means than he had before used to bring his son to better subjection.—The next sabbath he confined him to his house, and proceeded to church with the rest of his family, consisting of his wife, two daughters, and his old negro *Tone*:—the service being nearly half performed, and the pastor speaking with much fervency to his crowded audience, his voice was all at once drowned by a sudden and tremendous burst of laughter, from all parts of the church, which confounded him.—This laughter was occasioned by the sudden entrance of his favorite old dog, who always placed himself next the pulpit door, in full view of the audience; he now appeared decorated in an old gown and wig, powdered and tied on with much taste, which occasioned such loud peals of laughter, that he with difficulty obtained an explanation in ten or fifteen minutes. Old *Tone*, who seemed to be more in a state of reserve than any other, cried out from the gallery in great earnestness—"Massa, Massa! ony you look at our Tray, den you se what make dem laff!"—The parson opening the pulpit door, the old dog immediately ascended to him, and was so profuse with his caresses, that the pastor could scarcely dismiss his congregation.

CHRISTINA, the Swedish Queen, never wore a night-cap, but always wrapped her head in a napkin. In order to amuse her during her sleepless nights, after having been indisposed the preceding days, she ordered music to be performed near her bed, the curtain of which was entirely closed.

Transported at length with the pleasure she received from a particular passage in the music, she hastily put her head out of bed, and exclaimed, "How well he sings!" The poor Italian singers, who are in general not remarkable for bravery, were so much frightened by her voice, and the sudden appearance of such an extraordinary figure, that they became at once dumb and stupified, and the music immediately ceased.



## COLLINS'S MONUMENT.

A MONUMENT of most exquisite workmanship has been lately erected at Chichester, by public subscription, to the memory of the Poet COLLINS, who was a native of that city, and died in a house adjoining to the Cloisters. He is finely represented, as just recovering from a wild fit of phrenzy, to which he was unhappily subject, and in a calm and reclining posture seeking refuge from his misfortunes in the divine consolations of the Gospel; while his lyre, and one of the first of his poems, lie neglected on the ground. Above are two beautiful figures of Love and Pity, entwined in each other's arms. The whole is executed by the ingenious Mr. FLAXMAN, lately returned from Rome. The following elegant epitaph is written by Mr. HAYLEY—

"Ye who the merits of the dead revere,  
Who hold Misfortunes sacred, Genius dear;  
Regard this tomb, where COLLINS, hapless name!  
Solicits kindness with a double claim.  
Though Nature gave him, and though Science taught,  
The fire of Fancy, and the reach of Thought;  
Severely doom'd to Penury's extreme,  
He pass'd, in madd'ning pain, Life's feverish dream;  
While rays of Genius only serv'd to show  
The thick'ning horror, and exalt his woe,  
Ye walls that echo'd to his frantic moan,  
Guard the due records of this graceful stone!  
Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,  
This fond memorial to his talents raise;  
For this the ashes of a Bard require,  
Who touch'd the tend'rest notes of Pity's lyre:  
Who join'd pure faith to strong poetic powers;  
Who, in reviving Reason's lucid hours,  
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,  
And rightly deem'd—the Book of God the best."

## THE HISTORY OF ANTIOCHUS AND STRATONICE.

ANTIOCHUS, a Prince of great hopes, fell passionately in love with the young Queen Stratonice who was his mother-in-law, and had bore a son to the old King Seleucus his father. The Prince finding it impossible to extinguish his passion, fell sick, and refused all manner of nourishment, being determined to put an end to that life which was become insupportable.

Erasistratus, the physician, soon found that love was his distemper; and observing the alteration in his pulse and countenance, whensoever Stratonice made him a visit, was soon satisfied that he was dying for his young mother-in-law. Knowing the old King's tenderness for his son, when he one morning inquired of his health, he told him, that the Prince's distemper was love; but that it was incurable, because it was impossible for him to possess the person whom

he loved. The King, surpris'd at this account, desired to know how his son's passion could be incurable? Why, sir, replied Erasistratus because he is in love with the person I am married to.

The old King immediately conjured him, by all his past favours, to save the life of his son and successor. Sir, said Erasistratus, would your majesty but fancy yourself in my place, you would see the unreasonableness of what you desire. Heaven is my witness, said Seleucus, I could resign even my Stratonice to save my Antiochus. At this the tears began to run down his cheeks, which when the physician saw, taking him by the hand, sir, says he, if these are your real sentiments, the prince's life is out of danger; it is Stratonice for whom he dies. Seleucus immediately gave orders for solemnizing the marriage; and the young Queen to shew her obedience, very generously exchanged the father for the son.

DESCRIPTION OF A WONDERFUL CAVERN  
IN UPPER HUNGARY.

NEAR Strelitz, an inconsiderable village in Upper Hungary, is a most wonderful cavern, in the middle of a large mountain. The aperture which fronts the south, is eighteen fathoms high, and eight broad; and consequently wide enough to receive the south wind, which generally blows here with great violence. Its subterraneous passages consist entirely of solid rock, stretching away farther south than has yet been discovered. As far as it is practicable to go to, the height is found to be fifty fathoms, and the breadth twenty-six. But the most unaccountable singularity in the cavern is, that in the heart of winter, the air is warm on the inside; and when the heat of the sun without is scarce supportable, is freezing cold within. When the snows melt in the spring, the inside of the cave, where the surface is exposed to the south sun, it emits a pellucid water, which congeals immediately as it drops, by the extreme cold, the icicles are of the bigness of a large cask; and, spreading into ramifications, form very odd figures: the very water that drops from the icicles on the ground, which is sandy, freezes in an instant. It is observable also, that the greater the heat is without, the more intense is the within; and in the dog-days, all parts are covered with ice. In autumn, when the nights grow cold, and the diurnal heats abate, the ice in the cave begins to dissolve, inasmuch, that by winter no more ice is to be seen, the cavern then becomes perfectly dry and of a mild warmth. At this time it is surprising to see the swarms of flies and gnats, also bats and owls, and even of hares and foxes, that make this place their winter retreat, till in the beginning of spring, it again grows too cold for them.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening the 7th instant, by the Right Rev. Bishop Provost, Mr. SAMUEL THOMPSON, to Miss MARY WINKFIELD, both of this city.

On Monday evening the 8th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Lieutenant ROBERT LONG, of his Britannic Majesty's 17th regiment, to the amiable Miss JANE BYRON, lately from Ireland.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, the Rev. JOHN B. JOHNSON, of Albany, to Miss BETSEY LUPTON, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Provost, Mr. WILLIAM HUTHWAITE, to Miss ELIZA RYDER, both of this city.

Opposing fate shall strive in vain  
Whom love unites to rend in twain :—  
Be blest ye happy pair !  
May joys with following years increase,  
And nought arise to mar that peace  
Which virtuous unions share.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 7th to the 13th inst.

	THERMOMETER observed at		Prevailing winds.		OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.	
	6, A. M.	3, P. M.	6.	3.	6.	3.
May 7	55	59	w.	do.	clear calm	do. h. wd. ra.
8	42	57	w.	do.	clear h. wd.	do. do.
9	44	55	nw.	do.	clear lt. wd. cl. y.	h. do.
10	50	70	s.	sw.	cloudy lt. w.	clear do.
11	55	75	sw.	s.	clear h. wd.	do. lt. do.
12	55	64	se.	e.	cloudy lt. w.	do. do. ra.
13	56	69	w.	sw.	clear lt. wd.	do. do.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE TOMB OF GENERAL WAYNE.

HERE LIES

Beneath this noble tent;  
Fitting for nobler enterprize;  
With nothing less than Heaven content :  
Waiting (while ordered out again)  
Till trumpets bid him rise,  
To join the armies of the skies.

IMMORTAL

GENERAL WAYNE,

Tho' here  
At winter quarters,  
His warlike corps remain,  
Tho' Death, that monarch grim,  
A prisoner made of him,  
His gallant enterprising soul  
Is on parole,  
Viewing each heav'nly plain,  
Where he  
Must shortly be  
With Indian Chiefs in Unity,  
His next Campaign.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHOICE.

IN rural scenes, in sylvan shades,  
Near purling brooks and silent glades,  
Meand'ring streams and flow'ry fields,  
Where Nature all her fragrance yields.

There would I wish to spend my days,  
And with the songsters of the grove,  
Chaunt forth the GREAT CREATOR's praise,  
As o'er the dewy meads I rove.

Or traversing the verdant lawn,  
At humid morning's earliest dawn,  
Would contemplate the landscape o'er,  
And the great ARCHITECT adore.

Or in a grotto art ne'er made,  
While resting underneath its shade,  
Would pleas'd behold bright Phœbus rise,  
And take his station in the skies.

While aromatic shrubs display  
Their sweets beneath his brilliant ray,  
And downy warblers soar aloft,  
And hail the morn in accents soft ;

I too would join the matin song,  
While echo bore the strains along,  
And distant hills should catch the sound,  
And balmy zephyrs waft it round.

The lambkin frisking o'er the plain,  
The cultur'd fields well stor'd with grain,  
The blooming meadows, fresh and gay,  
With pleas'd delight I would survey.

Far from the pomp of worldly glare,  
Contented in my humble sphere,  
I'd envy not the rich and great,  
Their glittering gems or rooms of state.

Economy should grace my cot—  
Ingratitude—I'd know it not ;  
But of the little I'd possess,  
Would share with virtue in distress.

RELIGION, ever blooming maid,  
Through grace divine should be my aid ;  
Should teach my thoughts to mount on high,  
And smooth my journey to the sky.

And when the eve of life drew on,  
Nought to becloud my setting sun,  
But conscious of a life well spent,  
To God resign the breath he lent.

REBECCA.

On a Gentleman who expended his Fortune in Horse-Racing.

JOHN ran so long, and ran so fast,  
No wonder he ran out at last ;  
He ran in debt, and then, to pay,  
He distanc'd all—and ran away.



## ELEGY

## ON A GREY SQUIRREL,

BARBAROUSLY MURDERED BY A CAT, JUNE 17th, 1783.

*Lengum, formosè, vale, vale.*—VIRGIL.

MELPOMENE, thou mournful muse,  
A serious vein of grief infuse,  
A vein that suits with Death:  
Seiz'd by Grimalkin's savage claws,  
Beneath her unrelenting jaws,  
Poor Bun resigns his breath.

Bun, the most hopeful of the brood,  
Left the wild pastimes of the wood,  
To dwell with social man;  
Sooth'd by their kind and tender care,  
He soon prefer'd his novel fare  
To Nature's ruder plan.

Fed by his master's faithful hand,  
Obedient to his mild command,  
The harmless rogue would move:  
In my fond bosom laid his head,  
At night repos'd upon my bed,  
And stole upon my love.

Amidst the studies of the day,  
Bun by my side in sportive play,  
Indulg'd his native glee:  
Or on my knee would sober sit,  
In a still meditative fit,  
To ruminate with me.

At early morn and eve serene,  
Bun by my side was constant seen,  
T' enjoy the healthful walk;  
In livelier mood would round me play,  
T' encrease the pleasures of the way,  
And seem'd to wish to talk.

The village boys all pleas'd with Bun,  
Left their dear sport and eager run,  
To see his nimble play:  
The lasses all complacent smil'd,  
While he with lively sport beguil'd,  
Slow pacing time away.

But these calm pleasures all are flown,  
Thy play, thy sports forever done,  
Thy active spirit fled:  
Ceas'd as to thee, my daily care,  
Fix'd are thine eyes in one still glare,  
For thou poor Bun art dead.

To Fancy's view thy strugglings rise,  
Methinks I hear thy piteous cries,  
Thy unavailing moans:  
Soft Pity's tear bedews the eye,  
To see thy mangled body lye,  
And view thy scatter'd bones.

Come ye young train, who lov'd his play,  
Your last sad tribute kindly pay,  
All mourning at his doom:  
His shatter'd limbs with care compose,  
His eyes with kind attention close,  
And bear him to his tomb.

Come ye his brethren from the grove,  
In slow and solemn order move  
Along the silent plain;  
Fearless his breathless corpse surround;  
Sweep your long tails upon the ground,  
In melancholy train.

By yon still river's verdant side,  
My friends his breathless body hide,  
Close to the gentle surge;  
Light lay the turf upon his breast,  
And thou sweet Robin from thy nest,  
Sing his funereal dirge.

And when grey night shall check thy note,  
Ye bull-frogs strain your hoarser throat,  
Grave songsters of the stream:  
Let Bun—poor Bun—repeated sound;  
With Bun, the hills and groves resound,  
A never dying theme.

But thou curst Cat, unsung shalt lie;  
For thou, vile murderer, too must die,  
As well as harmless Bun;  
Thy worthless bones unburied lay,  
And thy nine lives but poorly pay  
For his lamented one.

A VERY PALATABLE RECEIPT, TO SOFTEN THE  
HARDEST FEMALE HEART.

TAKE a youth that's genteel, 'tis no matter for face,  
And season him well, with an air, and a grace;  
One grain of sincerity you may bestow,  
But enough of assurance fail not to allow;  
With flatteries, sighs, assiduities, tears,  
Insignificant smiles, and significant leers,  
With passion and rapture to give it a zest,  
And impudence sprinkled according to taste;  
Some pieces of songs too, and scraps of old plays,  
And fustian, and frolics, and whimsical ways;  
All mix'd well together with care and design,  
And dress'd with great nicety, and garnish'd out fine:  
This medicine warm as the patient can bear,  
And when taken each day will soon soften the fair.  
Sometimes a few days efficacious will prove,  
Sometimes a few weeks ere the flint will remove;  
But seldom an instance can any produce,  
When this golden prescription has fail'd of its use,  
Yet though often successful, 'twill ne'er reach that heart,  
Which, hardened by virtue, will baffle all art.

## ON A HASTY MARRIAGE.

MARRY'D! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!  
But poor's the joy, no coin possessing.  
In ancient times, when folks did wed,  
'Twas to be one at "board and bed:"  
But hard's his case, who can't afford  
His charmer either bed or board!

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